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MAN'S IDEA OF MARRIAGE.

"BAB" ASKS SOME MEN WHAT THEY THINK OF MATRIMONY

And Secures Some Interesting Views—A Club-man's Ideas—A Doctor's View—Why One Bachelor Is Content to Remain as He Is—Why Some Men Don't Marry.

Special Correspondence of THE SUNDAY HERALD.
New York, March 13.—I have had three or four letters lately, asking me, in different ways, what was my opinion of marriage. It seemed right that they should be answered, and so I started out on a journey of discovery, seeking for knowledge from wise men. I do not think that women are capable of deciding this question, for each one is certain to judge from her own standpoint and that alone, and so she cannot be said to look at the question in an unprejudiced way.

The first man I met is a man of clubs. I looked at him and I said, "Mr. Bachelor, is marriage a failure?" and he said, "Mistress Bab, I will answer you just as I did a man at my club the other night, who propounded the same question. I said: 'Look around this room, crowded with men; three-quarters of them are married ones; now, either the wife has gone her way and the husband his, or the woman is at home lonely; and, in any event, there is something wrong. If everything was right the married man would be at his home, satisfied there, and happy with his wife.'" He gave his hat a most beautiful lift, smiled sweetly at me, and left me impressed with his great knowledge of the world.

The next man whose fate it was to meet my question was a doctor. Said he: "Marriage a failure? No, it isn't a failure, when the man gets the right sort of woman—and that woman is best described as a combination of the ideal and the material. That combination makes a perfect wife. But how many men find her? Usually, as Balzac said long ago, we go round the world looking for this woman. We want to find a combination of comrade and wife in one volume, but we seldom succeed. We have to choose two, and the world frowns at that."

THE IDEAS OF A BACHELOR.

The next man I asked had thought it all out, had seen it from both sides, and had concluded that the holy state of matrimony was one in which he did not wish to enter; and these were his reasons: "A man and a woman get married, expect to be together three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and never take the trouble to find out whether they are calculated to be happy together. The man doesn't know whether the woman can control her temper when he loses his, and vice versa, and they grow desperately weary of each other. A man has a right to claim in marriage all that friendship would give him, and a great deal more. Nine times out of ten he gets a thoughtless affection and no consideration." Then I answered here: "Yes, but a woman has some claims. She has

a right to all that a lover would give, to the consideration of a brother and a certain amount of paternal care. I am not inclined to excuse women, for I think that while men may commit all the sins of the Decalogue, a woman can nag a man into a fury that could not be surpassed by a raging lion. I think, too, if women were more wives and less mothers, marriage wouldn't so often be a failure. Now, don't mistake me about this, for I am a devout believer in babies, and don't think that a married woman has any right to shirk either the joys or pains of motherhood; but too often the interest of the babies are thought of first; the husband is neglected, or, at most, counted as a necessary evil. Women are undoubtedly creatures of habit, and once they drift into that dangerous sea of thoughtlessness they are very apt to let the little bark marked 'husband' drift away, and very often it cannot be lured back."

"Yes," said the man, "a long time ago a clever somebody—a Frenchwoman—said that when passion and habit lie in company too long habit wakens up to find that its companion has fled. Personally I think that the average woman sees too much of her husband; next, that she doesn't have a sufficient number of outside things to interest him. She can't understand this, for she knows that he found her interesting before she was married, and she doesn't realize that being away from the people he is among, reading books and seeing plays, he doesn't see will give her no end of bright topics, and will make her talk well and interestingly to him. For my own part, as a man, I believe that I agree with Disraeli, who said that the perfect friendship between a man and a woman consisted in their going in different sets, meeting at 12 o'clock over a bit of supper, and discussing all they had seen as a solution of the secret of marriage."

WHY SOME MEN DON'T MARRY.

"One reason why men don't marry, especially in large cities, is because a bachelor with a moderate income can enjoy the theatres, the races, the little suppers and dinners, his clubs, his purple and fine linen, and the society of women. Married, that income would have to be divided by two, and within six months marriage would be a failure." That was another man's opinion. For myself, I just gasped. They all knew so much. I thought a little about love; I thought a little about Verona and Romeo and Juliet, and then it dawned on me that if the ardent Romeo had wedded his beloved one, perhaps their marriage might have been a success, because house rents were not high in the old Italian town; people didn't wear the same expensive lingerie that they do nowadays. Romeo probably didn't require the best brandy, and Juliet wouldn't have wanted Worth to have made her frocks. We like to read, write, and talk about the ennobling influence of poverty. It may be ennobling when you go around with a basket begging, or when you sell lead-pencils on the street; but I defy anybody to prove that genteel poverty is desirable.

DO WIDOWS MAKE THE BEST WIVES?
But to return to matrimony—which a great

many people do when they have once tried it. The English arguists maintain that the happiest marriages have resulted from men marrying widows. There's a good bit of reason in this. The woman who has had one husband has discovered that the proper study of womankind is—man; and experience has taught her how to make life smoother, just as matrimony has taught her restraint. She doesn't do as she did at first. She doesn't bother a man's life out of him by asking him if she is the first woman he ever loved, nor does she bring wrinkles on her own face by fretting over unknown rivals. She is sensible enough to conclude that he has probably loved a great many women, while she is positively certain that he must have loved her best, else he wouldn't have asked her to have been his wife. On her wedding-ring is an unseen gem—experience—and she uses it to make light the paths of married life, so that there will not come over it a shadow of discontent.

Why don't girls learn that there's not much compliment in being man's first love? The man who goes into a garden of flowers and simply takes the first one he meets doesn't know what he is doing. It may not be sweet; there may be thorns on it, and it may soon fade. The wise man is the one who goes all through the garden, and, seeing them all, selects the sweetest, and, most important of all, the one that will last longest. Curiously enough, the orchid, which is the typical flower of civilized woman, will outlast all the violets, roses, and even the great pure white lilies. To my mind, more marriages would be successes if women were more loving, more affectionate, more considerate, and more patient; but I firmly believe—you see by this I am an ultra-conservative woman—that the man should have the more brain of the two. I don't want a woman to be a fool, but I think she should be more loving than intellectual, and more gracious than learned. That's the end of my sermon on matrimony.

FOR THE GIRL WHO FRECKLES.

The spring is coming, and with it the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, especially freckles. The girl who is going to keep herself from getting freckled by wearing a veil must wear one of the thick kind, that really gives one a vapor bath. It has a decidedly undesirable way of getting in your mouth; but as you have to suffer to be beautiful and get rid of freckles, you have to chew the cud of a thick veil and not complain. Veils are the coquetry of the young and the charity of the old, and prove that charms concealed attract the most. It is very funny, but the veil, that is said to be as old as the vanity of woman or the curiosity of man, cannot be traced to its birth. There was a time when men wore it, but that was a very long time ago, and evidently the women objected and forced them to give up the coquettish bit of dress that really belonged to them.

HOW DIFFERENT WOMEN WEAR VEILS.

An Englishwoman regards a veil as something to put on to keep out the sun or the cold, and consequently she assumes it in a very slovenly fashion. The American and the Frenchwoman know that it is beautifier, consequently they

take great care in getting becoming veils, and in arranging them so that the beauty-spot is just in the right place, while the veil itself does not seem to drag the hat or to be out of harmony with it. The Spaniswoman knows that her mantilla and her fan are weapons of warfare, and she is an adept in their use.

The veil most in vogue just now is the fine Russian mesh without a spot upon it; the beauty-spot, having been discovered to be ridiculous at times, has gone out of favor. The bright scarlet veil is to the fore again, but it can only be worn by women who are very pale, inasmuch as it makes every other woman look as if she had a violent attack of scarlet fever. A plain blue veil—one of the thin ones—will make you look pale, and a gray one gives you rather a ghastly look. Brown is generally becoming, and the fine tulle, in black, with very small dots upon it, is always in good taste, and usually makes the complexion look better.

Speaking of red veils reminds me that the rainy weather has brought out the red umbrella, and made it a bit of brightness on a gloomy day. Personally I approve of the red umbrella. It is cheerful and encouraging, after a series of black ones, though I don't know as it would look well to see a Judge of the Supreme Court carrying one. Still I think most women under fifty look decidedly attractive under it. The healthy liking for red should be encouraged; and I don't see why red silk can't be as good a way of protection as black. I don't see why everything that takes care of you mayn't be cheerful.

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF PROTECTION.

Don't you believe in protection?
I do.
Protection from colds by good open fires, quinine pills, porous plasters, and warm clothes.
Protection from bores by swords, daggers, and pistols.
Protection from impudence by policemen, clubs, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women.
Protection from looking ugly by pretty frocks, pretty shoes, and pretty tempers.
Protection from dudes by the Young Men's Christian Association.
Protection from bad books by your own good taste.
Protection from ignorance by the establishment of schools where reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught.
I am a believer in protection all around. Goodness gracious! do you suppose anybody will want to be protected from
BAB?

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